

anything of a higher type. These songs are not Irish in language, feeling, or sentiment, and should be banned, not alone by every patriot, but by every decent man. On the contrary, the genuine lyrics of our "land of song" are among the very highest in the whole range of the lyric muse. To know that a man reads or sings the poems and songs of Moore, and Davis, Mangan and Fraser, is to know that he is a man of cultivated taste, and it is likewise a certain proof that his soul has passed, pure and untainted, through the fierce ordeal of English persecution. In short, the first mentioned songs are the trail of the foreign serpent, and mark the tongue and brow of the slave. The latter are like gleams of sunlight, flashing out amid the surrounding darkness, cheering our path, and lighting our way on the road to freedom. How it cheers the heart and thrills the brain to hear the clear, joyous tones of one's own children, mingling with the musical notes of their mother's voice, in the still, evening air, singing

"Some sweet song of our native land."

Irish mothers, think of this. Your precept and example are all powerful in moulding the future destiny of the coming men. Shall they be the citizens of a future Irish Republic, proud, independent, and free? or shall they remain as they are, slaves, and the sons of slaves? You have much to do with the decision.

A. L. M.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1867.

Bogus Expedition from New York to Ireland.

NEW YORK, May 12th, 1867.

To the Editors of The Irish Republic:

The arrival of THE IRISH REPUBLIC is the latest excitement in this City of Sensation—a commodity in which we indulge rather extensively—and which, in this instance, is a most agreeable one. The appearance of the noble craft, the rich and racy articles with which she was freighted, the commanding tones of her officers, and her whole *tout ensemble* elicited the most unlimited admiration. In fact she was the Great Eastern of the day, and now that she is on the voyage of life may God prosper her in the good and glorious journey that lies before her, and enable her to accomplish all that her noble crew desire. The Irish Nationalists,—and their name is legion—have reason to congratulate themselves that a void has been filled which was greatly felt, and a new and powerful engine set to work to arouse us from our lethargy, to animate us to a rigid sense of our duty to the land which gave us birth. The dawning of Irish Independence will be the preliminary step towards the end of monarchical despotism in Europe, and throughout the world.

Observing that you have a special correspondent from this great metropolis, I will not intrude myself upon your readers by introducing matters which will no doubt be better and more vividly portrayed by his experienced pen and matured wisdom, and shall therefore consider myself as merely an itemizer of "unconsidered trifles."

It is a remarkable feature, in this overgrown village, that to produce anything of a desirable nature, expedients must be resorted to, especially by the dishonest, to create excitement. To this end the so-called, and self-constituted, "Directory of Irish affairs" in Chatham St., are just now busily engaged in devising means to replenish their depleted treasury, and to keep their bogus establishment in running order. The latest "dodge" is an "expedition" to Ireland, "with material aid to our brothers in arms." This doctrine, or clap-trap, they have the brazen effrontery to announce through their deposed leader, who promulgates weekly in the columns of a villainous sheet here, the most treacherous and calumniating articles that ever emanated from the pen of the bitterest enemy of Ireland, for the sole purpose of neutralizing the actions of the tried and true friends of that enslaved land. Well may the forlorn Irish refugee, who was betrayed into an hopeless effort to free his native land, invoke God's heaviest vengeance on those merciless adventurers who even now welcome him with the look of scorn and contempt, and tauntingly rebuke him for "deserting his post." Good Heavens! can human nature endure more than that? Oh, Irishmen of America and Ireland, learn wisdom in time; open your eyes and survey the situation of your country; embrace the opportunity which is presenting you, to unite and confederate here,—here in this land of liberty, where the doors of your enemy are invitingly open to you. Spring at him, then, and prove to a sympathizing people that wherever the bloody flag of your enemy is floating, there are to be found willing hearts and strong arms ready to trample it in the dust.

Yours truly,

GARRYOWEN.

Excitement in New Orleans.

To the Editors of The Irish Republic:

A riot is hourly expected to break out here between the negroes and the whites, in consequence of the former forcing their way into the city cars, which are intended only for white people to ride in. It is but just to say, that there would be no disposition on the part of the colored population to create a disturbance if left alone; but their minds have been poisoned by the bad advice of bad men, who are now devising every means in their power to get into office at next election, by running the negro vote. It is perfectly disgusting to witness the manner in which things are transacted in this once great city. The cause, however, cannot be attributed to the acts of North-

ern men who are now residing here, but to a set of useless fellows who have lived here for years, and who contaminate the very air in which they live. The excitement throughout the city is so very intense, that the authorities find it necessary, in order to prevent bloodshed, to issue orders to the public, and drivers of cars, instructing them to make no distinction between white and black, but allow them to ride *ad libitum*. I fear that strange events are in the near future, and if things don't take a change soon for the better, New Orleans will be anything but a pleasant place to live in.

The weather for the past few days has been unusually cold for this season, and business is at a stand-still, with no great prospect ahead.

W. C.

The Fenian Sisterhood and the Families of the Irish Prisoners.

To the Editors of The Irish Republic:

WEST LIBERTY, Iowa, May 7, 1867.

GENTLEMEN—Your maiden number of THE IRISH REPUBLIC is just received. I am delighted with it; continue as you have commenced, proclaiming the liberties of nations, suppressing tyranny, slavery, and serfdom, in all lands and climes, by advocating Fenianism and the rights of men—liberty to all—negro suffrage and woman's rights. And, above all, IRISH LIBERTY; an IRISH REPUBLIC on Irish soil. By this we may live to see the day when "the Green Flag" will wave from every hill-top and spire in the much-loved land of our birth and of our fathers.

I see a letter in your paper addressed to the Fenian Sisterhood, from a Davenport member, calling for aid in behalf of Irish state prisoners. I have strong faith in my countrywomen when called upon in the cause of humanity, justice, and patriotism. Let every woman in the country give what she can; let every girl give even more than what she can, and Heaven will crown their efforts, and reward them tenfold for their good and noble work. In order to help what little I can, these worse than orphans, I enclose five dollars (\$5). The sum is small, but as I am poor, and having three little ones depending on me for support, I can well be excluded from giving more. In the meantime, I will try if my neighbors will not do something also. Hoping that the effort of the ladies will be crowned with success,

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
A NATIVE BORN.

An Exciting Scene in a Chicago School.

To the Editors of The Irish Republic:

SIRS—Quite an exciting incident occurred a few weeks since in one of our Catholic schools, showing the children's feelings.

A teacher permitted his boys to "spell down," as they term it. Two of the number choose, each for his own side, those of his companions whom he wishes. When all was ready the master said: "Now, boys, each side may take a name." "The Union! the Union!" cried one side; "Fenians! Fenians!" shouted the other. "Very well," replied he, "the Union and the Fenians;" not very appropriately put in opposition, however.

The spelling commenced, and with it, excitement. The "Unions" began to gain, but toward the close fortune favored the "Fenians." Breathless silence reigned as, one by one, the "Unions" were beaten and "sent down," and when at last but one Fenian remained standing, the boys could bear it no longer, the hands were brought into a position for clapping, and the mouths opened wide for a grand Hurrah! A stern "Silence, boys," quelled the tumult.

The boys loved the Union, aye, well did they love it, but there is in that word *Fenian*, a magic charm, a something which arouses the warmest, deepest sympathies, and stirs into action the best feelings of the youthful Irish heart. Yours truly,

Chicago, May 12, 1867.

A MOTHER.

How the "Loyal" Canucks are Getting Along.

[The following extract from a private letter from a young Irishman, in Canada, has been handed to us for publication. The letter is dated Toronto, May 6, 1867, and is addressed to a gentleman in this city.]

The writer proceeds to say:

"I shall speak a few words relative to your *Fenian barbarism*, and the enormous amount of trouble you are giving us Canucks, in the way of warlike preparations. Why, my dear fellow, there are nothing but *red coats* in this city of royalty. I have had the pleasure of seeing the famous *Queen's Own* exhibiting their warlike proportions. They say that they are as ready and as willing now to meet any d—d Fenian as they were on the 2d of June last; and they further declare that they are confident they will act just as valiantly the next time as they did on the former occasion. If so, I can only pity the poor Fenians—that's all. At any rate, there is nothing but drilling of volunteers and regulars—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Drums, Trumpets, Generals, Captains, Privates—why, you would really imagine you were in the centre of some great military camp on the eve of some great battle, instead of in a poor, little, peaceable Provincial city, which, under Johnny Bull's management, somehow or other, *does very little business*. Such are the 'blessings' of 'the British Constitution,' as we Irishmen have found out some time since.

"Have you any 'spies' in Chicago? I have heard that a couple of Irish—detective—policemen were lately sent there under pretence of getting up a corps of Canadian Fenians! At all events, it will be no harm for you fellows to keep a sharp lookout."

THE FAIR FIELD.

Paddy O'Doodle.

INTRODUCTION.

There are some songs so wedded to music that they cannot be divorced from their pretty partners without losing half their worth. The following spirited lyric is one of this class. When we remember how Corporal Doody, of the Avengers, used to sing it, and now sit down to read it, it reminds us of hot punch with the *spirits* out of it. The repetition of the line "Turaning an turan addy O," that sounds in reading like a ring on a broken pot, sounded like the chimes of merry bells, when trilled out by the gallant corporal. He had a peculiar, and inimitable, way of dwelling on, and prolonging, the O until it reminded one of Tom Powers, the bugler, waking the echoes of Kilarney. Talking of Kilarney reminds us of a story about the great O. Not the O in the following song, but an O that woke all echoes in Ireland—O'Connell. The favorite toast, at all the Repeal banquets, used to be, "Here is to the Kerry bird, hatched in the Eagle's nest, who will tear the British Lion to pieces, for food for his young." This would have been only fair, as the British Lion had devoured us long enough. It was never carried out, however; but the admirers of the great "O'Blarney from Kilarney," say that if he had lived *long enough* he would have freed Ireland by talk. If he lived as long as Methuselah he might have done great things. He would have got more money, to a certainty. Corporal Doody was one of "the boys" who went to the border, but was *requested* to halt at this side of the line by one Andy Johnson. The boys used to go down to Black Rock every day to look across at the *scarlet runners* on the other side, and curse the *hand* that held them back. It was at Black Rock the Corporal sung this song for the edification of the Bokers on the other side. And as the last sound of his voice died "o'er the waters," says the Corporal, says he, "Boys, we never knew how easy 'twas to whip the English before. Let us get up such a head of steam the next time we start, that neither Andy Johnson, nor his old father the devil, can stop us." And we can do it if we fire up; so take in wood and coal, boys, and prepare for a good start. As for *water*, our Irish do-nothings will supply enough of it for any movement. They have thrown all they could collect, ice-water at that, on the movement now. They should be called water-carriers to her majesty, for it is her dirty water they carry, the nasty things.

Paddy O'Doodle.

There was a hayro lived in the West,
Musha turaning an turan addy O,
And this valiant hayro was gaily drest
In a shoot of green of the very best,
With goolden lace and with all the rest;
And his name was Doodle,
Paddy O'Doodle,
Yankee Doodle's step-son.

Now when Yankee Doodle had his slingers full,
Musha turaning an turan addy O;
He was gored behind by an English bull,
Who thought the sport was most beautiful;
So that for years it was nothing dull
For Yankee Doodle,
Or Pat Doodle,
Yankee Doodle's step-son.

Then up rose Doodle and says, says he,
Musha turaning an turan addy O;
Look Pat, my son, when you crossed the sea
I scarcely thought that you'd stand by me,
While your Irish bosom flowed fast and free
For the land of Doodle,
Yankee Doodle,
You're Freedom's own son.

Here is my hand, when this fight is o'er,
Musha turaning an turan addy O;
And we've brought those boys to their ma once more,
But we'll drub this bull till his sides are sore;
And for all his horns we'll give him gore;
Says Yankee Doodle,
To Pat Doodle,
Yankee Doodle's step-son.

When this valiant hayro from war came back,
Musha turaning an turan addy O;
You can bet your boots that he was'nt slack,
In getting on Bully Johnny's track
With his Spencer rifle, he'd learned the knack
From Yankee Doodle,
Did P. Doodle
Yankee Doodle's step-son.

Now, Johnny Bull, he has simmered down,
Musha turaning an turan addy O;
Till his grizzly front can't afford a frown,
Lest his back and sides should be roasted brown